Get Lucky

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Get Lucky

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Duncan bumps into a grumpy man that he recognizes while he's on a hit at a nightclub, they hit it off right away, sharing Duncan's cigarette.

When they head to the bathroom, they find a pleasant surprise waiting for them: a nice glory hole.

Kinktober Day 18: Glory Hole + Shotgunning

Notes

Being fully honest with you guys right now, when I saw the "Glory Hole" prompt.. I had IMMEDIATELY thought of @slumwolves Duncan glory hole art on Twitter, so you can thank him for the inspo on this fic!!!

Link to the art cause I don't know how to link it like I've seen others do 😭: https://twitter.com/slumwolves/status/1532076848460443652?s=46&t=Htuion_YDRmy63T4SJlBQA

Also the title comes from "Get Lucky" by Daft Punk (Feat. Pharrell Williams)

See the end of the work for more notes

Traveling for jobs was not an unusual thing for Duncan, and being in Europe was always lovely. Of all the countries he's been to, the European ones almost always are the most pleasant.

But Duncan might just be biased, coming from Germany. European countries feel much more like home than anywhere else he's traveled.

Tonight, he finds himself in one of the more lower end nightclubs in the heart of Palmero, one that his target is known to attend on weekdays.

Duncan scanned the club when he entered, getting a feel for how this place worked, and what kind of people he would be dealing with.

He looked to see where his best vantage point would be, and the faraway bar near the back of the club seemed to be his best bet.

As he made his way over, he was able to focus his single eye on the man that also seemed to have chosen this unpopulated bar for a good spot to just.. watch.

Duncan moved around the younger man, and took a quick physical profile of him as he took the seat right beside him, the one that wouldn't put the twitchy man on his blind side.

He was probably mid forties, quite an unkept thing, smudged glasses resting on the bridge of his nose. Duncan recalled his memories for a moment, and immediately had a name to the face. This was Will Graham, that FBI profiler that he'd been offered a hefty sum to bring back to the States with him.

"Do I know you?" Will questioned, keeping his eyes lowered, offended by the intrusion into his space at the quiet end of the bar.

He pushed his glasses up further before reaching for the tumbler that sat on the bar top in front of him. The twitchy man brought it up to his lips, glancing over at Duncan just for a moment.

Duncan reached into his pocket and pulled out a pack of cigarettes and his lighter, picking one out before shoving them back in his pocket. He brought the cigarette to his mouth and sparked his lighter, taking a patient pull as he waited for it to light. He looked over to Will again, he didn't seem bothered by Duncan's smoking, and rather his entire presence. Not entirely sociable.

Duncan now has two goals in mind.

If he's lucky, he'll deliver both his million dollar bullet to the sick bastard who had no place in politics, and get his dick sucked tonight. But there's only so many hours in the night.

He'd have to get lucky in more than one way if he wanted both to happen. And oh, he wanted both. One much less than the other. Killing wasn't that exciting, especially when you've been doing it for almost thirty years.

“I know who you are. You’re Will Graham.” Duncan exhaled slowly, lowering his voice so only Will could hear him. He’s not really bothered revealing this kind of information to someone in such a vulnerable spot. It could save his life after all. “Mason Verger’s got a price on you.”

“Is this where I meet my glorious end?” Will laughed out, “In this rundown, dank nightclub?”

Duncan took another drag of his cigarette, “What he wants with you is not really my style.”

Another sick, twisted laugh from the profiler. “What is your style, then?”

“I’m just an assassin. I don’t deal with hostage shit.” Duncan explained, waving over the bartender to start a tab with just a simple bourbon.

Will scoffed and took another sip from his glass. Of fucking course Verger would want him in his dirty, perverted grasp again. He’d gotten away last time after all.

“What kind of hit could you find in this kind of place?” Will furrowed his eyebrows, scanning over the room once, then again as he looked for anyone who looked like they’d be of importance.

“A quick, clean one.” Duncan huffed out, angling his body so he could get a better look at Graham. He wasn’t a bad looking guy, that’s for certain.

He took another drag of his cigarette, and even with half his normal vision, he couldn’t miss the glance that Will gave him out of the corner of his eye. “What? Do you want one?”

Will slowly nodded his head, and while Duncan was distracted reaching for his pockets, he snatched the one from between Duncan’s lips and placed it between his own.

He took a long drag, the tip of the cigarette glowing an angry orange as he inhaled. Duncan simply smirked at the profiler, he was only slightly taken by surprise, and he had had to refrain from acting off instinct when he noticed Will’s hands reaching for his face. Breaking the poor man’s nose would definitely destroy his chances of getting laid.

When Will leaned into Duncan’s space and reached for his face this time, he hadn’t had the urge to punch the man.

Will brought their faces very close together..

It really did seem like he’d be getting laid tonight.

Duncan inhaled as the man exhaled, he knew how this worked, and his head was spinning with it. Holy shit, that was fucking hot.

He expected Will to hand him the cigarette back, but instead, he put it out in the very full ashtray that sat just in front of them. That cigarette surely could’ve taken a few more drags.

Duncan scoffed at that, as growled, “Asshole.”

“Oh shut up, you big baby.” Will growled in response, but neither of their complaints lasted long when Duncan reached out and pulled Will to him again. They glanced at one another for just a moment before their lips were interlocked.

Will wasn’t used to the scratch of stubble that Duncan had, and it felt quite nice against his own facial hair. He also wasn’t used to the taste of smoke on another’s lips. Much less his own lips. It’s been ages since he’d smoked a cigarette.

Will’s hands rose from his lap to grab onto Duncan’s sweater and coat, encouraging the kiss to pick up pace. Which it very much did. Their tongues got brave, and they started to explore each other’s mouths.

It felt like pure heaven.

But they were rudely interrupted by a disgusting grumble behind them, a man’s voice. “Fucking fags..”

Will’s eyebrows furrowed, but he didn’t pull back from the man he was getting to know very quickly. It wasn’t until he heard another comment from the same man that he pulled back. This one was less clear, but sounded a lot like, “Disgusting. Get a fucking room won’t ya?”

Duncan took a long glance at the homophobe who had interrupted such a fine kiss.

It’s his guy, what fucking luck.

He now had a confirmation on the location of his target, so surely taking Will back for a quick blow wouldn’t hurt.

He took hold of Will’s angry grip that tore at his shirt, and encouraged him to let go. With a small nod of his head, Will was leading the way to the bathrooms that both of them knew would suit them just fine for their needs.

The bathroom they entered was completely empty, and had three stalls. Two of which were connected by a glory hole at about waist height.

“Well, would you look at our luck…” Will realized just then that he didn’t know his handsome stranger’s name.

“Duncan.” He provided.

“Okay. Duncan, strip.” Will instructed, not wasting time in removing his own belt. Duncan found it amusing how the profiler was commanding him like he was just a dog, not a hit man with thousands of bodies under his belt.

Duncan moved into the stall once Will disappeared into the other one, and he started stripping, placing all his clothing onto the toilet seat until he was fully bare.

“What next, Special Agent Graham?” Duncan teased, speaking to him through the stall wall.

“Best put that mouth of yours to work if you’re going to be so careless with my name.” Will growled, and Duncan noticed then that he’d stuck his erect cock through the hole in the wall.

“Surely, it’s best I keep a low profile if Mason’s got a price tag on me.” Will waited patiently as Duncan got to his knees.

When he got down onto them and came face to face with Will’s cock, he couldn’t help but pause and read what had been written on the stall wall around the large hole.

He reached for the base of Will’s cock, and took hold of the base of his own at the same time. He could hear a short shuffle of clothing on the other side when he brought his lips to kiss the tip of the erect length.

He started stroking both their cocks at the same slow pace, but Will got the gift of a long lick along the underside of his cock.

Duncan wasn’t surprised when the slit let out a small gush of pre-come along his cheek. He’d have to remember to wipe it off before heading back out into the club to end a life.

Duncan’s hearing isn’t the best, but he could still hear when Will took a sharp breath in response to the sinful movements that his tongue was performing on the sensitive underside of Will’s cock. He was near confident that he wouldn’t actually need to take Will into his mouth to make him shoot his load.

“S-shit, are you touching yourself?” Will stuttered out, clamping his eyes shut as he tipped his head back in pleasure.

“Yes.” Duncan responded, giving Will’s cock a quick kiss before finally taking the thing into his mouth. The guttural moan that the action pulled from Will’s lips made Duncan’s cock twitch and leak just a little bit.

He let go of Will’s hilt and started stroking himself more rapidly as he started to bob his head. The sweet vacuum was so nice around Will’s cock, and he really had to hold back from fucking into Duncan’s skull.

Duncan could obviously notice this from how the man’s hips started to stutter, his cock twitching inside of his hot mouth.

Duncan’s pace of his own cock picked up as he took Will deeper into his throat, his gag reflex firing delightfully around the dick, causing Will to keen and moan almost back to back.

The noises from his lips were practically pure sin, and if anyone were to walk in right now, they’d know exactly what was going down in these two stalls. Even without the annoying gap that American stalls always have that would reveal Duncan on his knees, they would still know.

Will would kill to be able to see Duncan’s knees peeking at him from under the stall, but this was Europe, not America.

Duncan's cock was responding favorably to the sinful noises, leaking just enough to continue to keep his dick lubricated for his comfort. His fist was pumping at a consistent pace, and Duncan found it surprising that he hadn't gotten a cramp yet in his arm with how quickly he's jerking.

When Will starts to pant, his noises melting into little more than quick breaths of air, Duncan pulls off. He can hear Will's groan of complaint loud and clear. But the next thing he says silences that complaint immediately.

"Fuck me, Will. Don't stop, don't hesitate."

"What if you choke?" Will questions, his breath thin and tight.

"I will pull off, then. Leave it to me." Duncan explains, then readjusts himself so he can better become a fuck hole.

He takes Will back all the way, until he's starting to gag as the bulb spreads his throat out. But he waits, tears welling in his eye as he waits for Will to move.

Will lets out a short whine when he pulls his hips back, bracing his arms on the stall wall. He moves slowly at first, not quite pushing all the way forward as to fit his whole length into Duncan's mouth.

Duncan closes his eye, basking in the feeling of being used like this. It's truly a guilty pleasure of his, being used sexually. He's too used to being held to such a high standard, but like this, he only has one job, and it's to make the person with their dick down his throat feel good.

He brings his second hand down to fondle his balls, joining the hand that is currently jerking insistently over his cock, bringing himself closer to release.

As Will starts to feel more pleasure, he starts to lose his sense of control, just as Duncan had hoped. The profiler is now fucking his throat like it is no more than a toy, and he absolutely loves it. He's choking, and losing oxygen rapidly, but it just adds to how intense his pleasure is.

Will's groans start to turn to pants yet again, but this time, Duncan doesn't pull off. Will smirks at that and fucks in just a few more times, perhaps his harshes strokes yet. It makes Duncan choke, his saliva running down his chin, his throat trying to reject the abuse.

Will spills down Duncan's throat, and it's so perfect. He tries to swallow it, but he's mostly just choking on it. Keeping to his promise, he pulls off. Will doesn't miss the coughing and the wet dripping sounds of his release being rejected from Duncan's sweet throat.

Once Duncan can breathe again, he strokes himself to completion and spills all along the stall wall with a low groan.

This is definitely some of the best, roughest oral fucking he's recieved in all of his years.

“L-let me clean this all up, Duncan. You’ve got a job to do, now.” Will explains when he unlocks his stall door. He’s tucked himself back in, and waits outside of the stall where Duncan is still kneeling. “And it’s only fair, holy shit.”

Duncan reaches for the latch and opens the door for Will, who looks down at him with blissed, grateful eyes. Duncan wipes his mouth off and starts to rise from his tired knees when Will places a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

He leans down to connect their lips, and tastes the remainder of his own release inside of Duncan’s mouth. “Thank you.” He whispered against Duncan’s lips when he pulled back.

He offered a hand out for Duncan, and he took it, standing despite his knees popping in protest. Duncan didn’t touch Will, his hands still covered in his own semen. But he sure wishes he could.

“I’m leaving the country soon, maybe we should do this again sometime.” Will explained, pulling out a small sticky note pad that he carried with him at the crime scene earlier today.

He sketched his phone number on it, and slipped it into Duncan’s pants that were still laid out on the toilet.

Will turned to get some paper towels, and Duncan stood smiling like an idiot as he dressed. It was just oral sex, but he found himself over the moon.

But he has a job to do now, he has to remind himself.

One of his favorite jobs, killing homophobic fuckers who can’t keep their filthy mouths shut.

End Notes

COMMENTS AND KUDOS FUEL MY SOUL <3

ALSO ANOTHER REMINDER TO GO CHECK OUT THE INSPIRATION ART FOR THIS FIC BY @slumwolves (Twitter)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!